

Against Idleness And Mischief

Isaac Watts

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skillfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthy play,
Let my first years be passed
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

The Old Man's Comforts And How He Gained Them

Robert Southey

'You are old, father William,' the young man cried,
'The few locks which are left you are grey;
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray.'

'In the days of my youth,' father William replied,
'I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And Abuse'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last.'

'You are old, father William,' the young man cried,
'And pleasures with youth pass away.
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray.'

'In the days of my youth,' father William replied,
'I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past.'

'You are old, father William,' the young man cried,
'And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray.'

'I am cheeful, young man,' father William replied,
'Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember's my God.
And He hath not forgotten my age.'

Speak Gently

G. W. Langford

Speak gently! it is better far
To rule by love than fear
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here!

Speak gently to the little child!
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young, for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care!

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
Whose sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart!

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word!

Speak gently to the erring; know
The must have toiled in vain;
Pechance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently; Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind;
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

The Star

Jane Taylor

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark,
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

The Spider And The Fly

Mary Howitt

'Will you walk into my parlour?' said the spider to the fly,
'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you did spy,
The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I've got many curious things to show when you are there.'
'Oh, no, no,' said the little fly, 'to ask me is in vain,
For whoever goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again.'

'There is another shore, you know, upon the other side.
The further off from England the nearer is to France -
Then turn not pale, beloved snail, but come and join the dance.
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, will you join the dance?
Will you, won't you, will you, won't you, won't you join the dance?'

The Sluggard

Isaac Watts

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
'You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again.'
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

'A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;'
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number,
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes thill he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
That he took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking;
But he scarce reads his Bible and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, 'Here's a lesson for me,
This man's but a picture of what I might be;
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught be betimes to love working and reading.'

Star Of The Evening

James M. Sayle

Beautiful star in heav'n so bright,
Softly falls thy silb'ry light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

Chorus

Beautiful star,
Beautiful star,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

In fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away.
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky.

Shine on, oh star of love diving,
And may our soul's affection twine
Around thee as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.

Alice Gray

William Mee

She's all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine,
But her heart it is another's, she never can be mine.
Yet loved I as man never loved, a love without decay,
Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er a brow of spotless white,
Her soft blue eye now languishes, now flashes with delight;
Her hair is braided not for me, the eye is turned away,
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun, and trembled in the blast.
But my pilgrimage is nearly done, the weary conflict's past;
And when the green sod wraps my grave, may pity haply say,
Oh, his heart, his heart is broken for the love of Alice Gray!